



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600028096V

2021 6 7





. 76



THE  
CAVE OF DEATH.  
AN ELEGY.



2799 d 171 ①

12-1-1

1

1

1

1

12-1-1

1

12-1-1

*Blm 1780 only.*

*W*

*Printed by*  
THE

# CAVE OF DEATH.

AN

E L E G Y.

INSCRIBED TO THE  
MEMORY OF THE DECEASED RELATIONS  
OF THE  
A U T H O R.

*Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius, et ossa parentis  
Haud equidem sine mente reor, sine numine Divum,  
Adsumus. —————*

Virg. Æn. Lib. 5. v. 55. &c.

---

CANTERBURY:

Printed for the A U T H O R,

And sold by SIMMONS and KIRKBY.

MDCCLXXVI.





## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following lines were written in memory of the deceased relations of the author, and most of the incidents are not the result of poetical imagination, but real matters of fact, which occurred nearly in the same order of time, and in the same manner, in which they are here represented. Such a peculiarity, while it renders this little piece more interesting as a family memoir, may perhaps make it less worthy of the attention of the public. But the author, fearful it might some time or other find its way into the world charged with the additional errors of transcribers, thought it expedient to commit it himself to the press, that he may be answerable only for his own. To the judgment of the public therefore (even under the disadvantage

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

advantage above-mentioned) he readily refers it; persuaded that, if he shall appear to have an heart warm in the interest of humanity, and alive to the feelings of social virtue, their candour will induce them to throw a veil over the imperfections of this domestic elegy.

T H E

---

---

---

T H E  
CAVE OF DEATH.  
A N E L E G Y.

---

I.

**T**HE solemn dirge hath ceas'd---yon vault contains  
Another victim which my heart held dear ;  
'Tis nature bids me give to grief the reins,  
And urges from my eye the swelling tear..

II.

With-hold, my friends, your too officious aid,  
Uninterrupted let my sorrows flow ;  
I mean to view this mansion of the dead  
With all the decent luxury of woe..

III. Hail,

## III.

Hail, awful gloom, congenial horrors hail,  
Where my full bosom finds some short relief,  
Where nature's efforts may at large prevail,  
'Till patience come, and make me smile at grief.

## IV.

Tremendous light! The taper's glimm'ring ray,  
Reflected from the pendent damps above,  
Throws o'er this Cave of Death a transient day,  
And guides my footsteps to those friends I love.

## V.

In Death I love them: His vindictive arm  
May hurl the bolt, or point th' envenom'd dart;  
Still, still survives th' indissoluble charm,  
Which grafts their dear idea to my heart.

## VI.

Now Mem'ry wakes; rais'd by her magic pow'r  
Scenes of past bliss my present peace annoy,  
She paints in livelier tints each festive hour  
To Friendship sacred, and domestic joy.

## VII. Various

## VII.

Various our lot : In youth's propitious dawn  
We greet with rapture life's approaching day,  
While pleasure spreads the flow'r enamel'd lawn,  
And social intercourse beguiles the way.

## VIII.

But soon, alas ! this fancied vision's o'er,  
The paths we tread more dark, more dreary grow ;  
Our lost companions fall to rise no more,  
And all beyond is solitude and woe.

## IX.

Too well my bosom feels this painful truth,  
While at my feet those dear associates lie,  
Whose sage experience warn'd my wayward youth  
Of many a snare, of many a danger nigh.

## X.

When passion would mislead, when griefs assail,  
Sweet is the voice of friendship to our ear,  
Sweet is the sound of love's endearing tale ;  
But Death presides, and all is silence here.

C

XI. Hence



## XI.

Hence, ye profane ! in secret, and unseen  
His ruthless works at leisure I'll survey :  
May none intrude, while Sorrow's fable queen  
Moves with slow progress on, and leads the way.

## XII.

'Midst the sad group, promiscuous as they lie,  
She stops, and pauses o'er a brother's urn,  
Whose bosom never felt one anxious sigh,  
Whose heart Affliction never taught to mourn.

## XIII.

For, ere ten moons were past, his infant head  
Laid low in earth was snatch'd from worldly care,  
Before he knew to wail a mother dead,  
Or pour his sorrows o'er a father's bier.

## XIV.

Your parents earliest joy, their only hope,  
For you they form'd the visionary plan,  
Gave to their social feelings all their scope,  
While their fond fancy rear'd you up to man.

XV. Joyous

## XV.

Joyous with you they hail the rising morn,  
No grief annoys them, and no fear alarms :  
Ere night approach, distracted, and forlorn  
They grasp you pale, and breathless in their arms.

## XVI.

Oft would my Sire this piteous tale relate,  
Oft have I seen his bosom pant for you,  
And, while he told the story of your fate,  
Wip'd from his woe-worn cheek the falling dew.

## XVII.

For he was gentle, and by nature kind,  
To suff'rance train'd, and to compassion prone :  
The weight of Care prest heavy on his mind,  
" And Melancholy mark'd him for her own."\*

## XVIII.

A friend to peace no peace himself he found,  
A shaft unlook'd for pierc'd him in his prime ;  
Deep rankled in his breast the social wound,  
He languish'd, pin'd, and fell before his time.

\* Gray.



## XIX.

The dreadful scene's yet present to my eyes ;  
Of past events the sad remembrance dear  
Recurr's afresh, and of a mother's cries  
The piercing sound still vibrates on my ear.

## XX.

What agonizing horror seiz'd my breast,  
When I rush'd onward to this work of Death,  
Saw to his clay-cold lips the mirror prest,  
And watch'd impatient his returning breath.

## XXI.

'Tis gone for ever ; each fond effort fails,  
Each art suggested by connubial love ;  
For when that tyrant's stern decree prevails,  
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears can move.

## XXII.

Each morn, each eve, before the sable train  
Your hallow'd relicks to this cave convey'd,  
I sought your couch in silence to complain,  
And at your side my duteous homage paid.

XXIII. There

## XXIII.

There did I seek, incited by Despair,  
My grief with full indulgence to beguile,  
And frequent, as I dropt the filial tear,  
Thought your lov'd visage smil'd, or seem'd to smile.

## XXIV.

Intent I gaz'd, held by that magic charm  
Which Melancholy's fons alone can know,  
When all at once an uncle's friendly arm  
Forc'd me, reluctant, from this scene of woe.

## XXV.

Aghast, and trembling as we left the room,  
Contesting passions in his bosom strove,  
And, o'er his face while sorrow spread a gloom,  
Flash'd from his eyes the beams of social love.

## XXVI.

Weep not, my child : but learn from what is past  
The ways of God, though dark, are always wise :  
Affliction's cup is bitter to the taste,  
But genuine Wisdom at the bottom lies.

XXVII. That

## XXVII.

That lifeless corse you left is not your fire,  
But a cold mass of unenliven'd clay;  
His better part form'd of ætherial fire  
Soars to the regions of eternal day.

## XXVIII.

Those realms where God omnipotent presides,  
Whose boundless mercies o'er this globe extend,  
Who through life's mazy paths his offspring guides,  
The widow's comfort, and the orphan's friend.

## XXIX.

Lean on his aid, nor doubt a sure reward;  
His pow'r will soon another parent rear,  
Another friend your infancy to guard;  
Believe this truth, for you behold him here.

## XXX.

Your father's lips consign'd this last bequest,  
This legacy, from which I ne'er will part;  
Thus let me lull your struggling soul to rest,  
And clasp the dear deposit to my heart.

XXXI. He

## XXXI.

He spoke ; and, as he spoke, persuasion mild  
Flow'd from his lips, and bade my sorrows cease ;  
He smil'd with joy, complacently he smil'd,  
To see my throbbing bosom hush'd to peace.

## XXXII.

His pious hand upheld my feeble youth,  
My steps directed with paternal care ;  
He train'd me early to a love of truth,  
Left Folly might seduce, or vice ensnare.

## XXXIII.

But for his gen'rous aid my niggard fate  
Had stamp'd disgust on my devoted head,  
Driv'n from those paths of learning, which of late  
With joy I trod, and panted still to tread.

## XXXIV.

His bounties, dealt with an unsparing hand,  
Gave me with lib'ral leisure to explore  
The ways of knowledge, join the gen'rous band,  
Who fought the models chaste of ancient lore.

XXXV. Nor



## XXXV.

Nor ended here his love's propitious toil,  
When manhood dawn'd, my youthful hopes to raise,  
He on my cot bade Independence smile,  
And gild with halcyon peace my future days.

## XXXVI.

For Av'rice was a stranger to his heart,  
That baneful vice, which tempts us to with-hold  
Th' intended boon, 'till from our life we part,  
And in our latest moments grasp at gold.

## XXXVII.

No secret vice, no fashionable pride,  
His little store exhausted to its source ;  
Poor to himself, but rich to all beside,  
He gave to social love its ample force.

## XXXVIII.

Through Nature's limits rang'd his ardent zeal,  
Zeal which no sordid passion could destroy ;  
His was the task the wounds of life to heal,  
And cause the widow's heart to sing for joy.

XXXIX. Ne'er

## XXXIX.

Ne'er will my soul forget that solemn eve,  
When the thick concourse fill'd this sacred fane ;  
With gratitude each breast was seen to heave,  
And on your ashes pour the plaintive strain.

## XL.

Grief wav'd her wings, and o'er the circle flew,  
Quick through the whole the soft infection ran ;  
They sigh'd, they wept, and seem'd to say adieu,  
The poor's best parent, and the friend of man.

## XLI.

Blest shade ! to us untimely was your fate,  
Who wish'd you proof against th' attacks of age ;  
Yet you had reach'd life's long-protracted date,  
And full of years, and glory left this stage.

## XLII.

Lo ! by your side another victim lies,  
Who fell not by the hand of slow decay ;  
Early his spirit fought th' etherial skies,  
Snatch'd from the world in manhood's vig'rous day.

D

XLIII. By

## XLIII.

By nature's bonds, and by affection join'd  
We held for ever dear a brother's name;  
One common will our mutual hearts combin'd,  
Our cares, our joys, our sentiments the same.

## XLIV.

How great those perils which in youth we prove?  
How strong those tempests which our passions raise?  
One drop of gall, by that enchantress Love  
Dash'd in his cup, embitter'd all his days.

## XLV.

By beauty's charms and female wiles misled,  
His hand he to an artful Syren gave;  
The sad remembrance hover'd round his head,  
Nor left him 'till he reach'd the silent grave.

## XLVI.

Learn hence, ye youths, who range the flow'ry mead,  
And quaff that stream where fancied pleasures flow,  
That one false step may to destruction lead,  
And plunge you headlong in th' abyss of woe.

XLVII. Full

## XLVII.

Full oft his heart hath bled at ev'ry vein,  
In secret oft he heav'd the pensive sigh,  
For manly sense forbad him to complain,  
And lay his griefs before the public eye.

## XLVIII.

Yet there were seasons which could care beguile,  
When he with rapture hail'd the festive hour,  
With native humour forc'd the frequent smile,  
And urg'd the weight of Wit's enchanting pow'r.

## • XLIX.

But vain our boasted strength, and fruitless all  
Our mental faculties, when Death affails ;  
Against his stern unalterable call  
Nor sense, nor wit, nor eloquence prevails.

## L

Is he not here?---Methinks I see him now,  
From side to side he turns for ease in vain,  
Waits with impatience Death's expected blow,  
Torn on the rack of agonising pain.



## LI.

How long, he cries, can nature's strength survive  
Amidst this storm? When will my labours cease,  
And that long-wish'd for happy hour arrive,  
Which heav'n ordains shall close my eyes in peace?

## LII.

Though sharp his feelings, though on ev'ry pore  
Stood the big drop, my voice he joy'd to hear,  
While hiding grief, which inward rag'd the more,  
I pour'd the balm of comfort in his ear.

## LIII.

Fondly he snatch'd my hand, and prest it hard  
In his cold palm---At once his pains subside---  
"The conflict's o'er---Our aged parent guard"---  
He cast one longing, ling'ring look, and died.

## LIV.

Short was this talk of love, for now to rest  
Her vital frame was hastening through decay,  
By time enfeebled, and by cares oppress'd  
Slowly she sunk to Death an easy prey.

LV. Here,

## LV.

Here, here you lie, and, if the conscious dead  
 Can listen to the voice of those that mourn,  
 Accept these tears by filial duty shed,  
 An off'ring sacred to your hallow'd urn.

## LVI.

Here now you lie, and tranquil peace is thine,  
 Here now you rest---To you--to all farewell---  
 But why farewell?---This social band I'll join,  
 Forever join, nor quit this dreary cell.

## LVII.

Thus while my passion urg'd me to pursue  
 This theme, and meditate the plaintive lay;  
 Quick as a flash of light'ning to my view  
 An horrid spectre rose, and crost my way.

## LVIII.

Trembling I gaz'd astonish'd : Yet to fly  
 Her hideous form I wish'd not----'Twas Despair ;  
 I knew her by the wildness of her eye,  
 Her frantic garb, and her dishevell'd hair.

XLI. Her

THE CAVE OF DEATH.

LX.

Her right hand held a dagger, and her left  
 I saw she wat' d and pointed to her breast;  
 Reading this lesson, she said: Of hope bereft  
 'Tis this will lead your wearied heart to rest.

LXI.

Surprised glancing in my bosom say'd,  
 I reach'd so much to it, when a sudden charm  
 The furious efforts of my grief alluag'd,  
 And with riddles bore down back my arm.

LXII.

I turn'd, and lo! with heav'nly beauty dress'd,  
 Of form angelic stood Religion's Queen,  
 In easy folds throw'd down her snow-white vest,  
 Glow'd in her eye, and grace in all her mien.

LXIII.

With joy and peace ineffable she smil'd,  
 Her voice persuasive o'er my senses stole,  
 While with celestial strains, and accents mild  
 She calm'd the rising tumult of my soul.

LXIII. With-hold

LXIII.

With-hold your impious hand : rash youth, forbear :  
 With patience learn to kiss heav'n's sacred rod :  
 Shall human folly, human frailty dare  
 Presumptuously oppose the will of God ?

LXIV.

Before his throne when all creation bows,  
 And with submission waits his awful doom,  
 May man alone the gifts his hand bestows  
 Forbid him at his pleasure to resume ?

LXV.

His will be thine : It leads to gen'ral good  
 By paths your feeble reason cannot trace ;  
 Fix'd as a rock it hath for ages stood  
 On Justice, Truth, and Mercy's solid base.

LXVI.

O'er the calm scenes of bliss his pow'r presides,  
 When tempests rage his arm directs the storm ;  
 By various means the human heart he guides,  
 In all it's moral temper seeks to form.

LXVII. O'er



## LXVII.

This dark, and awful mansion of the dead,  
Which now with anxious horror you survey,  
His merciful decree ordains shall lead  
To the bright realms of everlasting day.

## LXVIII.

There (on this sea of life no longer tost)  
Grief at your feet fast bound shall prostrate lie,  
Hope in enjoyment, Faith in fight be lost,  
And Death himself absorb'd in victory.



F I N I S.

2749 2-100

Bl. from Peking, 1 Chate



POETIC ESSAYS,  
O N  
NATURE, MEN, and MORALS.

E S S A Y I.

To Dr *ASKEW*, of NEWCASTLE.



Printed for R. AGENHEAD, *jun.* in NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE,  
and C. HITCH, in LONDON.

M D C C L



[REDACTED]

- Bt. from Pickering & Chatter





# POETIC ESSAYS.



[Price ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE.]



100-443888-100

100-443888-100

T O T H E  
  
R E A D E R.

**T**HE *Title Page* of this *Piece* will shew, that it is intended only as a Part of a larger Work; and It may not be improper to acquaint the Reader further, with the Steps that have led the Author to make it publick. It has been customary with him to put into Writing, such Remarks and Observations, as have, on various Occasions, occurred to him, and seemed worthy of Remembrance; whether relative to the *visible World*, or the Operations of the *human Mind*. Within the first, he includes whatever belongs to natural Phœnomena and physical Investigation; within the last, whatever appertains to the Conduct of human Life, and the Dispositions, Manners, Opinions, and Morals of Men, so far as they have fallen within the Verge of the Author's Sphere, and his Opportunities and Capacity to judge of. This Method, as singular as it may appear to some, the Author believes, has been of Use, as well as an agreeable Entertainment, to himself. And after reviewing a Collection of these Outsketches and Memorandums of Things, he has thought that if they could be reduced to any certain Design and Model, they might deserve a publick Perusal, as well as some other Productions of the present Times. He has therefore lately amused himself in laying the Fragments together, and disposing them into as natural

a

## To the R E A D E R.

tural a Train, as their incoherent State would admit of: and has also endeavoured to supply the broken Divisions, with such Links and Mediums, as may indifferently well fill up the Intervals, so as to appear one connected Whole, not quite heterogeneous and inconsistent in its Parts. Tho' indeed it must still be own'd a Composition of the looser and less regular kind; and therefore he has not presumed to think the Work deserves any explicit Denomination: But having thrown it into Measure and Rhime, in order to enliven the Descriptions and Sentiments, and give them a more easy and agreeable Turn, he presents his *Piece* under the indefinite Title of POETIC ESSAYS.

THE first of these Essays is herewith exhibited, by way of Specimen, and to sound the Publick for an Opinion of the Work; the Author being determined to regulate his Proceedings by that very important *Criterion*. For as he is not compelled to throw this Burthen upon his Country, thro' an absolute Necessity, nor indeed by any extraordinary Motives, either of Self-conceit, or importunate Solicitation of Friends, he thinks he would be unpardonable, if he should continue to disturb his Neighbours, after an unsuccessful Trial of his Abilities to entertain them. But as he apprehends that an Amusement, from which he has reaped both *Use* and *Pleasure* to his own Mind, may possibly contribute of the same Fruits to others; he hopes he may be allowed to indulge himself in a Design, much more social than ambitious, of offering it to publick Participation. And, if he happens to miscarry, it will, however, be some Mitigation of his Fault, that he makes the Experiment with Modesty and a sparing Hand; and, by not persisting in an Offence, he will at least be seen tacitely to own his Mistake; which may, in some Measure, atone for the Folly of the Attempt. In the mean time, it is thought proper to open before the Readers, as briefly as possible, the Scope of the whole Performance; which is as follows:

T H E

T H E  
D E S I G N.

**T**HE genuine Light of uncorrupted and unperverted NATURE, is the great Principle which the Author would raise to View and support; the Existence and sovereign Authority of a DIVINE POWER, he would assert and prove; the Conduct of an universal PROVIDENCE, he would vindicate; an ENTIRE SYSTEM, of most excellent Contrivance and Beauty, fill'd with all possible Good, he would demonstrate. Hence he would endeavour to evince the Immortality of Right and Wrong; on this Foundation, he would shew, that the Structure of true VIRTUE and MORALITY rests; by this Standard he would try all kind of MERIT, to find out and distinguish the real from the counterfeit, in Art and Science, Theory and Practice, Knowledge and Opinion, Law and Custom, Judgment and Taste: And so expose the Errors, Follies, and Vices of Mankind, as to shew them to be an Offspring entirely spurious and factitious; and such utter Aliens and Foreigners to TRUTH and NATURE, as to render their naked CLAIM most absurd and ridiculous.

A R-

---



## A R G U M E N T of E S S A Y I.

Of the human State, and the Folly and Extravagance of Man in repining at his Condition, and wishing to surmount the Bounds, or alter the Laws of NATURE: And of the mental Advantages, and moral Use, flowing from a right View, and impartial Study of natural Order, and the Beauty and Harmony exhibited in THE WORLD.

ADDRESS to the Author's Friend, (to *l.* 17). Introduction, (to 29). Uncertainty and Vanity of human Projects, (to 43). Fortitude and Resignation, our best Resource under such Disappointments as we could neither foresee nor prevent, (to 59). Human Life, a Mixture of apparent good and evil Fortune: And in proportion as the Prospect of the one, or the other, engages the Mind's Attention, it is affected with more gloomy, or more gay Apprehensions; which unavoidably tincture our Dispositions and external Behaviour, (to 71). No absolute Cure for this internal Fluctuation, (to 75). The Course of Nature, a continual Series of Changes, (to 85). Constancy not more apparent in the Tempers of Men, (to 89). Exemplified by Characters (to 115). Many Vicissitudes of Disposition enumerated, (to 130). Hope cheers thro' all, (to 137). The great Art and Virtue of steering in the Track of Moderation, and the Evil of Extreams, (to 155). An uneven and restless Temper characteriz'd, (to 165). Exclamation of a Person dissatisfied with the Gifts of Nature, and the Condition of Man, (to 175). Replied to; 1<sup>st</sup>, By putting some Queries, relating to Happiness in general: 2<sup>dly</sup>, By the evident Necessity of a gradual Scale in the Administration of it: 3<sup>dly</sup>, By considering the limited State of Man, and the Narrowness of his Knowledge, (to 200). Man's Happiness consists in conforming his Desires to his Circumstances, and tasting, with Cheerfulness and Satisfaction, the Blessings in his Possession, (to 220). Nevertheless, a gentle Agitation of the Passions, enhances the Pleasure of all Enjoyments, (to 229). The dissatisfied Person presented with an Idea of a *General Providence*, and the Majesty of a *supream Being*, that orders and governs the World, (to 247). The Belief of a *GOD* and his Attributes, a proper Basis of Morality, (to 251). Man alone the Author of moral Evil, in departing from NATURE; and justly punished, on that Account, with tormenting Anxiety and Disappointment, (to 265). *Reason* the Discoverer of Truth, and given to Man for a Guide in the Path of Nature, (to 268). This Guide being renounced, the Passions and Appetites run into Disorder; and, in their blind Hurry and Tumult, void of Rule and Principle, occasion Havock and Confusion, (to 279). The Regularity of Natural Phenomena referred to, as owing to an inviolable Observance of fix'd and simple Laws, (to 285). Particularly instanced in the *Solar System*, (to 291). Thence inferred, an *Unity of Power and Principle*, pervading the whole UNIVERSE, (to 299). The School of Nature recommended, and a right Contemplation of her Works proposed, as an obvious Method and powerful Incitement, to recover the Mind from Prejudice and Mistake, and to restore it to a happy Turn and Temper; by presenting it with a perfect Pattern of Concord, Regularity, and Beauty, (to 321). The Neglect of applying natural Discoveries to a moral Use, asserted to be occasioned by the Pursuit of Knowledge arising out of Pride, (to 327). The Vanity of human Science attributed to this Neglect, (to 337). The due Application of natural Acquisitions in Knowledge to moral Improvements, shewed to issue finally in a well regulated and serene Disposition, correct Judgment, and refined Taste, (to 363). This the ultimate End of our Being, and to which every Organ of Sense is, or ought to be, subservient, (to 375). To accomplish which, Nature is most amply display'd, and abounds with delightful Objects, to captivate and gratify all the Senses, in the fullest and purest Manner, (to 393). The Essay concludes with an Eulogy on NATURE, and some Account of the Author's Situation, Temper, and Opinions.

E S-



E S S A Y I.

To Dr A S K E W.

WHILE you with lenient hand, around  
impart,  
The healing virtues of *Apollo's* art;  
At ev'ry call, in ev'ry season fly,  
Where'er death threatens with his gasty eye;  
The fiend to banish, the diseas'd restore, 5  
Relume those eyes that languishing implore,  
Renew the circles of the vital stream,  
And pour fresh vigour thro' the human frame:  
Amid those cares that press on ev'ry side,  
Their ardent suit and must not be deny'd; 10  
How shall the *Muse* her private audience gain,  
Uncensur'd, as impertinent and vain?

A

Some



Some hour of leifure, if 'tis in your power,  
One fuch to fteal, indulge me with that hour :  
I come, not over bold, nor us'd to fear ;      15  
Judge freely, but before you judge me, hear!

I T lately happen'd, (I forget the day)  
That *Phæbus* ftruck me with his piercing ray ;  
Nor bufinefs crowding to diftract my brain,  
Nor cares molefting, nor disturb'd with pain ;      20  
All difengag'd ; fo fate decreed the time !  
Instant I felt the dang'rous itch of rhyme.  
Before me, N A T U R E ' S S C E N E S arofe to light,  
And M E N and M O R A L S open'd on my fight.  
Prompt at the view, and rais'd with the conceit,      25  
Already fancied I my verfe compleat ;  
A verfe to laft, for ever to be read,  
While *Tyne* fhall flow, or *Cheviot* lift its head :

Such



Such empty visions form a poet's dream,  
 Such cloud-built prospects of immortal Fame; 30  
 Scarce figur'd, but begin to disappear,  
 Elude his grasp and vanish into Air.

NOR yet alone this sudden fate belongs  
 To those enamour'd of the Muses' songs.  
 As wretched fortune and as short a day, 35  
 Snatch far more proud and pompous names away;  
 As quickly rise, as quickly mounted high,  
 Surprise like meteors, and like meteors die.  
 While humbler projects just appear to swell,  
 One moment forms and breaks the filmy shell. 40  
 Thence hear the disappointed, still exclaim,  
 This world is but a bubble, but a dream!  
 And may, when bubbles burst and dreams are o'er,  
 The wak'd be landed on some happier shore!  
 Where



Where fix'd, eternal 'bide the seals of fame, 45  
Nor ever blot obliterates a name.

But while we walk this maze of human life,  
Surrounded with its various braids of strife;  
Since, members of the ever rolling ball,  
With good, we must partake the bad and all; 50  
The ills and mischiefs that can life betide,  
Or sprung from folly, or produc'd by pride;  
It but remains we act the part of man,  
And keep our pace as steady as we can.

In vain fond hope would more than this supply, 55  
One bliss continued, one unbroken joy;  
Tho' such blest views may tend a higher sphere,  
The seat of Angels is not destin'd here.

THRO' all conditions of the mortal state,  
A compound operates, a mixed fate; 60  
Thro'



EFF. I. POETIC ESSAYS. 5

Thro' endless turns and changes varied still ;  
 And checker'd with apparent good and ill :  
 And as we scan the worse and better part,  
 Or this elates or that appals the heart.  
 Now passion blackens in the troubl'd breast, 65  
 All nature's sick and human life's unblest ;  
 Now flow fresh spirits and dispel the gloom,  
 Gay pleasure dances and the world's in bloom :  
 The morning lowr'd, and sunk and sad the soul ;  
 But mirth and madness drain the evening bowl. 70  
 And say, if any art in human pow'r,  
 Howe'er apply'd, this levity can cure ?  
 No draught, or bolus, potion, drop, or pill !  
 Nor *Mead's* prescription, nor can *Askew's* skill.

A SWIFT mutation thro' the world we find, 75  
 Obtains in matter and obtains in mind.

B Here



Here would we fix it, or by force restrain?  
 It breaks out there and shews th' attempt is vain.  
 Still Nature recent, her rotation plies;  
 Confirms thro' change, by contrast beautifies. 80  
 Ends to begin, begins to gain the end;  
 Falls but to rise, but rises to descend;  
 Makes wide extreams a near alliance feel,  
 And all revolve in one incessant wheel.  
 If passions bear us on a swelling tide, 85  
 The surge of passion quickly will subside;  
 And boast exalted reason as we may,  
 Moments there are when reason will give way.  
 Thus all the seasons in succession run,  
 And days and nights obedient to the sun; 90  
 So shifts the wind and round th' horizon blows,  
 And so the restless ocean ebbs and flows.

PRISCO salutes you as a friend to-day,  
 His candour flowing, and his temper gay;

To-



To-morrow should you meet him in the streets, 95  
 He meets you there, but knows not that he meets;  
 Stalks on reserv'd, and wrapt in fullen pride,  
 Is far too stiff to turn his head aside;  
 And scarce you find two creatures differ more,  
 Than PRISCO from himself the day before. 100

SEE fordid VARUS! so compleat a knave,  
 His very friends will own the devil must have;  
 Yet has his Interval, his social hour,  
 Can treat, carels, nay sometimes will do more;  
 Get drunk, grow lavish, throw about his pelf; 105  
 But when turn'd sober, hates and damns himself.

EVEN I, who now attempt the *Muse's* strain,  
 Warm with her fire, and feel the flowing vein;  
 Who view the crowding images incline,  
 To join my verse and meet the ready line; 110  
 Wait but a moment, and the vision fades,  
 The prospect darkens and dissolves in shades;







Or to the gusts of passion fall a prey,  
 Or flit on vanity's light wings away. 130  
 Yet still hope's flatt'ring mirrour cheers the soul,  
 And urges forward to the promis'd goal.  
 Or if man grovels, or he soars on high,  
 Still happiness is figur'd in his eye;  
 New phantoms rise incessant to his view, 135  
 Still found illusive, ever fancied true.

AND wisdom's son is he, who knows the art,  
 So true to poise, and smoothly calm his heart;  
 That when full expectation meets a blank,  
 Tho' felt the shock, yet he preserves his rank; 140  
 Or shaken gently, yet is shook with grace,  
 And yielding softly, surer keeps his place.  
 A conduct, form'd to honour Nature's plan!  
 True moderation is the praise of man.  
 Appointed in a middle state to shine, 145  
 Betwixt the brutal nature and divine;



Of each partaking, while a mortal here,  
 In vain from either struggles to get clear;  
 But duly temp'ring both, erects that frame,  
 That beauteous structure which we VIRTUE  
 name. 150

Who to extreams is driven, by chance or will,  
 Must find the sure event unhappy still.  
 The cell, where rest immur'd all human joys,  
 Wild passion bursts and apathy destroys.

OBSERVE in VARIO'S most unbalanc'd  
 mind, 155

An abstract of the tempers of mankind;  
 What in excess belongs to him, we see  
 Belongs to all, in great or less degree;  
 In midst of plenty, want besets his door,  
 And full of riches, he's extreamly poor: 160  
 Enjoying pleasure, is with pleasure cloy'd;  
 In hope's fruition, quite dissatisfy'd;

Pof-



Possess of blessings, still remains unblest,  
And restless most, when leisure bids him rest.

HYPPO exclaims, unhappy state of things! 165  
That sure content from no condition springs;  
But spight of all that priests or sages preach,  
Man hunts for ever what is out of reach;  
Or if he touch, the very touch destroys,  
And lost th' enjoyment, just as he enjoys! 170  
Thus baulk'd and busy, blunders thro' his years,  
Till death, to drop the empty scene, appears.  
Is this the gift of heav'n, ye learned, shew?  
A droll, a jest, a mock'ry and a woe!

PRESUMPTUOUS critic! moderate thy  
haste; 175  
Thy temper heats, thy censure runs too fast.  
Wilt thou at all, as vain and wrong, repine,  
That suits not every wanton wish of thine?

Is



Is there no goodness short of very best ;  
Nor blest below the most supreme of blest ? 180  
Bestow'd is nothing, where not all is given ;  
Nor height beneath the summit of high heaven ?  
No dwelling happy, nor rejoic'd abode ;  
That mounts not on the very throne of God ?  
This shocks all common sense ! — then see as-  
sign'd, 185  
Bliss in degree to each degree of mind ;  
And as the mental scale ascends in height,  
Still broader runs and spreads to infinite.  
To man, a proper happiness for man ;  
Whose scanty being measures but a span. 190  
Receive it, mortal ! with a grateful mind ;  
Or if it lingers, learn to wait resign'd.  
The laws that bind all beings to agree,  
Are dimly seen, if seen at all by thee :

So



So much see clearly of thy narrow state, 195

'Tis wrong to murmur, and 'tis right to wait.

Perhaps what you an evil understood,

Is but the line that limits human good :

Which, who once passes or desires to pass,

Is guided by less reason than an ass. 200

The highest pitch in morals we can reach,

Is not to aim in nature's bounds a breach ;

But so conduct our action and our will,

As suits our state, which is the middle still :

And who but leans to that extream or this, 205

Inclines to folly, and departs from bliss.

IN vain insatiate appetite would roam ;

The stint which nature sets, is plac'd at home ;

Includes both high and low, and great and small ;

A common parent's common care of all. 210

JUST what we use is ours, and ours the more

The less we're anxious to enlarge the store.

D

On



On fordid gain, who sets his vehement heart,  
Finds more and more, but less and less impart.  
If thousands heap on thousands, still the fight, 215  
But keener whets his restless appetite :  
But he who little views with chearful eyes,  
Will find that little may enough suffice ;  
If wants external, break not inward peace,  
He quaffs his cup of joy and lives at ease. 220  
Not, but our bosoms ask for temp'rate gales,  
And that the passions gently swell their sails ;  
Yet so, that reason in their top career,  
May still command, and free from danger steer :  
Thus, tho' black storms and breaking waves  
afright, 225  
We bound o'er gentle surges with delight.  
Kind motion is the source of life and joy,  
And rest alone gives death its victory.



IMPARTIAL Providence, an equal cause,  
 Unbias'd rules the world by gen'ral laws; 230  
 Firm to one end, presides from pole to pole;  
 Not prone to parts, but careful of the whole.  
 The whole, a system fram'd by perfect art,  
 Where ev'ry individual has its part;  
 Link'd and allied, so fit and justly plac'd, 235  
 That good in one, diffuses thro' the rest.  
 Then spare the POWER, that fix'd the central sun,  
 And taught the planets in what orbs to run:  
 Who gave them speed and force, without decay,  
 While ages wear, and time dissolves away: 240  
 Who turns the seasons on the rolling sphere,  
 Devolving all the changes of the year.  
 Who works forever thro' the heav'ns and earth,  
 And brings all nature pregnant to its birth;  
 The birth produc'd, both orders and sustains, 245  
 And guides, omnipotent! th' eternal reins.

HERE



HERE fix our basis, own the Power divine ;  
 And one immense, wise, perfect, good design ;  
 Where all subsists that can, of happiness,  
 And if there evil be, can be no less. 250  
 In man, and only man, that evil find ;  
 Who boasts of morals and a reas'ning mind :  
 The rest of all that live, enjoy their state,  
 In its full bliss, nor murmur at their fate :  
 The shortest liv'd, rejoice their fleeting day, 255  
 The longest, patient pass their slow decay.  
 What! then alone shall he complaints let fall,  
 Who vaunts himself the mighty lord of all?  
 Grow sick with spleen upon his fancied throne,  
 Yet still high crested, call the world his own? 260  
 Strange contradiction! piec'd of wild extreams,  
 The slave's worst fears, ambition's maddest dreams.  
 But such the wretch's curse, and right bestow'd,  
 On him, who headstrong, breaks from nature's  
 road : That



That road where truth's fair day-beam ever  
glows, 265

And where no night her fable curtain draws ;  
But clear-ey'd reason lifts the guiding ray,  
And shews for ever God's eternal day.

But hapless mortals, drawn by lust or pride,  
When once renouncing reason for their guide ; 270  
Wild-wand'ring, soon in devious paths are crost,  
And in a wilderness of errors lost.

Blind passion hurries, with the tide they swim,  
No rule directs, 'tis fancy all and whim :

Now this, now that way, downward, upward  
thrown, 275

Laugh on bright clouds, or whelm'd in darkness  
groan.

And err'd from truth, and wide of nature's plan,  
Sink far below, by aiming high'r than man.

E OB-



OBSERVE the meafur'd world, and mark its laws!  
How ſteady theſe, how uniform the cauſe? 280  
To complex ends, what ſimple means conduce,  
Deriv'd from frugal ſprings, what ſtreams profuſe?  
Thro' all th' effects, worlds infinite contain,  
No labour ufeleſs, nothing done in vain!

SEE, tho' apart each planet aſks a ſun, 285  
To form and rule a ſyſtem, needs but one;  
That one, if alter'd, or that one deſtroy'd,  
Each planet wanders, of all order void;  
But fix'd and ſtation'd at its proper goal,  
Gives light and life and vigour to the whole: 290  
Whence perfect harmony and beauty ſprings,  
The full firm balance and conſent of things.  
And what in this one ſyſtem you explore,  
Conclude, adjusts and orders millions more;  
One pow'r, one principle, unmix'd, unchang'd, 295  
That form'd each orb, proportion'd and arrang'd,  
Reach-



Reaching, pervading ev'ry distant ball,  
Eternal, chains the aggregate of all!

HERE, man! derive thy lessons, here's thy school,  
Where thou alone can'st cease to be a fool. 300  
In nature's book the weakest brain may speed,  
Th' untaught may learn it, and th' unletter'd read;  
Nor need of pedant, or a pedant's rod,  
The book of nature is the work of GOD.  
A fair original, not far to seek, 305  
Nor writ in *hebrew* characters nor *greek*;  
But in a speech that never fails to strike,  
In ev'ry nation plain and full alike;  
Which no tradition cloaks in mystery,  
Nor priests corrupt, nor bigots can bely, 310  
Nor flames devour, nor dark oblivion hide,  
Nor time abridge; but still displays more wide.  
Learn NATURE then! within thy proper sphere,  
Compos'd, give gracious *Providence* thine ear.

Eye



Eye GOD's creation, see what order shines, 315  
 What power preserves, what wisdom all designs :  
 What bliss and beauty thro' the whole arise,  
 In teeming earth and o'er the spacious skies !  
 Far drive thy impious doubts, nor murmur more ;  
 Enjoy thy state with thanks, and GOD adore. 320

ALAS! these precepts that my verse imparts,  
 Employ men's heads, but seldom reach their  
 hearts.

Of GOD and NATURE, tho' we reason high,  
 Neglect the better science to apply.  
 Our love of knowledge rises out of pride, 325  
 While all its use to life is thrown aside.  
 And idly we the works of nature scan,  
 If nothing moral thence accrues to man ;  
 'f nought from outward harmony we find,  
 That vibrates inward and attunes the mind 330  
 To



To me, in vain ten thousand systems roll,  
 If no fixt purpose regulates my soul;  
 If none of that grand order which I see,  
 Nor due proportion reaches down to me.  
 Wretch! whose cold heart benumb'd to every  
 charm, 335

All Nature's ardour has not power to warm!

WHAT nobler views his rising soul inspire,  
 And touch his bosom with celestial fire!  
 Who reasoning from th' effect, explores the cause,  
 And reads the legislator in his laws; 340  
 Sees near ally'd and close embracing join'd,  
 The pow'rs of body and the pow'rs of mind;  
 Where all receive and all assistance lend,  
 Impell'd conjointly to their destin'd end;  
 With unremitting ardour to fulfil, 345  
 One steady purpose, one almighty will.  
 Smit with this union of the gen'ral frame,  
 His soul is rous'd and feels the living flame;



To copy nature's harmony aspires,  
And burns t' embrace the beauty it admires; 350  
Thence, pleas'd transplants, to deck his humble  
sphere,

The just, the decent, elegant and fair;  
And grows in judgment just, in fancy chaste,  
In reason clear, and delicate in taste:  
Or feeling kind affections seize his mind, 355  
His heart dilating opens to mankind;  
And shares the highest bliss his state can prove,  
From that divinest passion, social love.

When pure good humour dances in the eye,  
What joy so great as that of giving joy? 360  
And where no envy nor resentments reign,  
What pain can equal that of causing pain?

Thus from the same great source connected  
springs,

The *good* in morals and in nat'ral things.

On



On NATURE, this prime fountain GOD be-  
flows, 365

Thence, seen and felt by man, to mankind flows:  
That honour, he by merit may obtain;

The praise and glory that he thirsts to gain.

For this, his *face divine* is rais'd on high,

Unstopp'd his ear, and op'd his lucid eye; 370

His nerves made tremble to their inmost cell,

At ev'ry pulse of feeling, taste and smell;

Thence to the soul the quick sensations led,

Now shake the heart, and now illumine the head.

SEE, all around, the myriads that conspire! 375

To touch, to raise, to waken and to fire.

The breath of heav'n, the morning's chearful dawn;

The peaceful flocks along the verdant lawn;

High-waving woods and gently rising hills,

Swift-gliding rivers, silver-purling rills; 380

Soft



Soft fanning breezes, lover-haunted shades,  
Broad shining lakes, and headlong rough cascades;  
Soul-soothing grottos, *Ceres*-laughing vales,  
Wild-warbling birds and song-resounding dales;  
Flowers breathing odours, fruit that autumn  
brings, 385

Full-bubbling fountains and free-gushing springs;  
Th' extended plains that wide in prospect lie,  
The swelling ocean and the vaulted sky.  
These, and ten thousand more, heav'n's vast ex-  
pence,

Nature's whole stock that pours on ev'ry sense! 390  
Shall they not high our contemplation raise,  
And fill our hearts with gratitude and praise?

Ev'n here, in this cold region of the north,  
These animate the *Muse*, and call her forth;  
To soar intrepid on advent'rous wing, 395  
To sing of NATURE, and to point the spring;  
Whose



Whose streams diffus'd, the whole supplies impart,  
 Of ev'ry science and of ev'ry art :

Whate'er ennobles or can man befriend,  
 His manners polish or his morals mend ; 400

All blifs of ev'ry kind and each degree,  
 Still flows, great substitute of GOD ! from thee.

In vain, would erring wits of human race,  
 Set up fantastic idols in thy place ;

Or wrapt in clouds, or cover'd under night, 405  
 The phantoms fly, when dawns thy hallow'd light ;

They fly, and ev'n their votaries forsake ;  
 Empty and wild as dreams to men awake.

Nor ought can e'er this verse's date prolong,  
 If NATURE keeps conceal'd and shuns my

song ; 410  
 But would she deign to blefs me with her smile,

And lend her stores to deck the pleasing toil !  
 G Glad,



Glad, should the muse awake the doric reeds,  
Paint as she paints, and follow where she leads ;  
With all her fav'rite train to join her lay, 415  
And sound her acclamations on the way.  
Or face her foes, who strive to stain her stream,  
With foul pollution, or to cloud her beam :  
That those who rashly err, might be reclaim'd,  
And knaves convict, stand open and asham'd. 420

AND tho' too weak may flow my lowly line,  
Unequal to the height of this design ;  
Yet shall my honest purpose yield delight,  
Conscious of wishing well and aiming right ;  
Far, far remov'd from courtiers and from cits, 425  
Nor aw'd by criticks, nor afraid of wits ;  
My vale of peace, their buzz can ne'er annoy,  
Nor pierce the sanctuary of my joy :  
Not rash in purpose, but yet steel'd to bear,  
Unruffled, pride's contempt and folly's sneer. 430

Thro'



Thro' life's tumultuous scenes howe'er I drive,  
 No dupe or slave of any one alive :  
 Tho' humbly station'd, of no base degree,  
 Above me many, some below, I see ;  
 Nor buoy'd with hopes of mighty things to  
     come, 435  
 Nor sunk in dread of any future doom ;  
 But walk this world, and upwards look to heaven,  
 With expectations tolerably even.  
 Nor quite with so much orthodoxy cramm'd,  
 To think all else but true believers damn'd ; 440  
 Nor yet an infidel so indiscreet,  
 To give up all religion as a cheat ;  
 But this I hold, and will unto my grave,  
 A GOD exists, and I've a soul to save ;  
 That GOD will favour and approve the man 445  
 Who most observes and best pursues his plan :

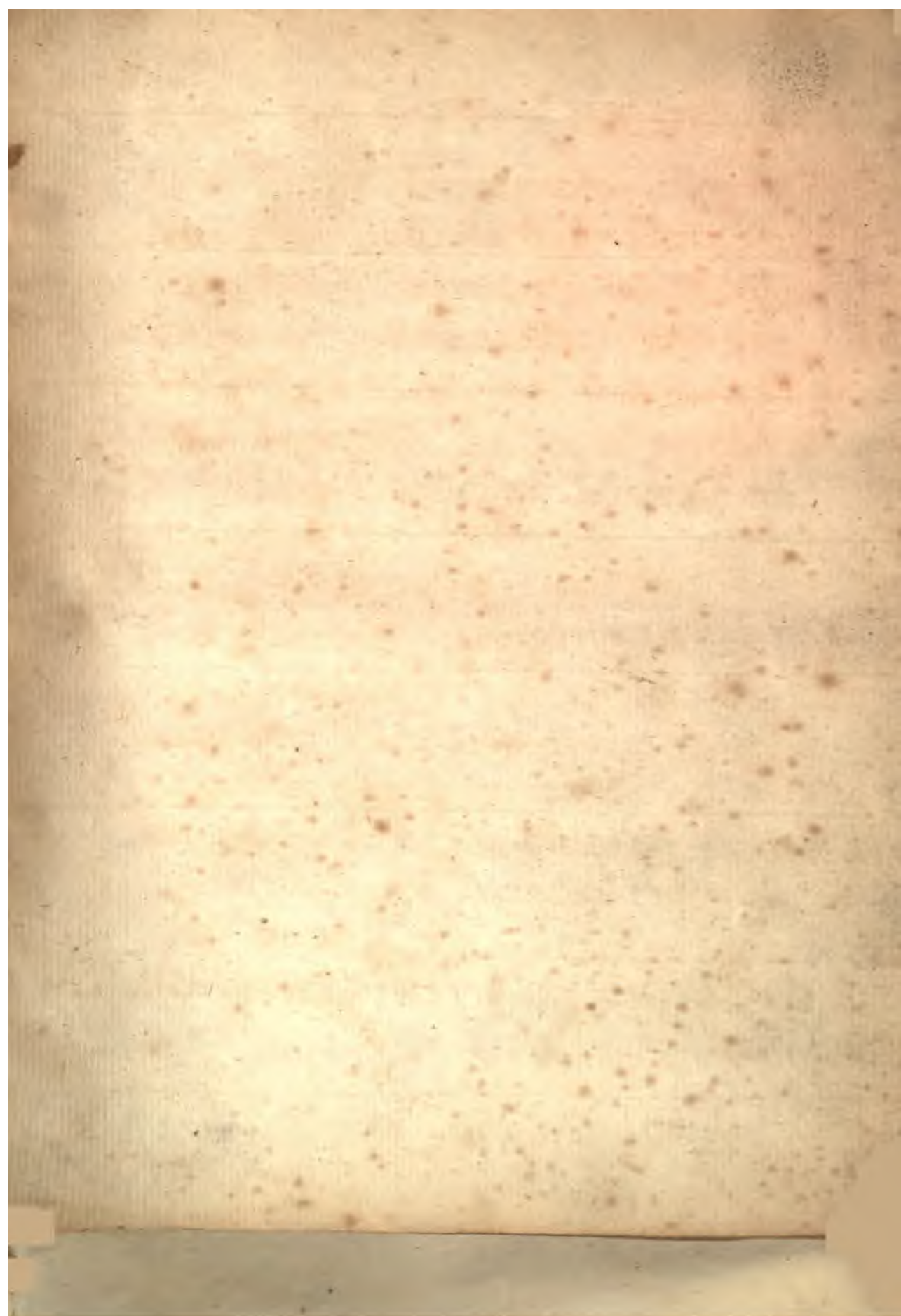
His



His plan, that ev'ry creature, ev'ry soul,  
Should spread the good which he designs the  
whole;

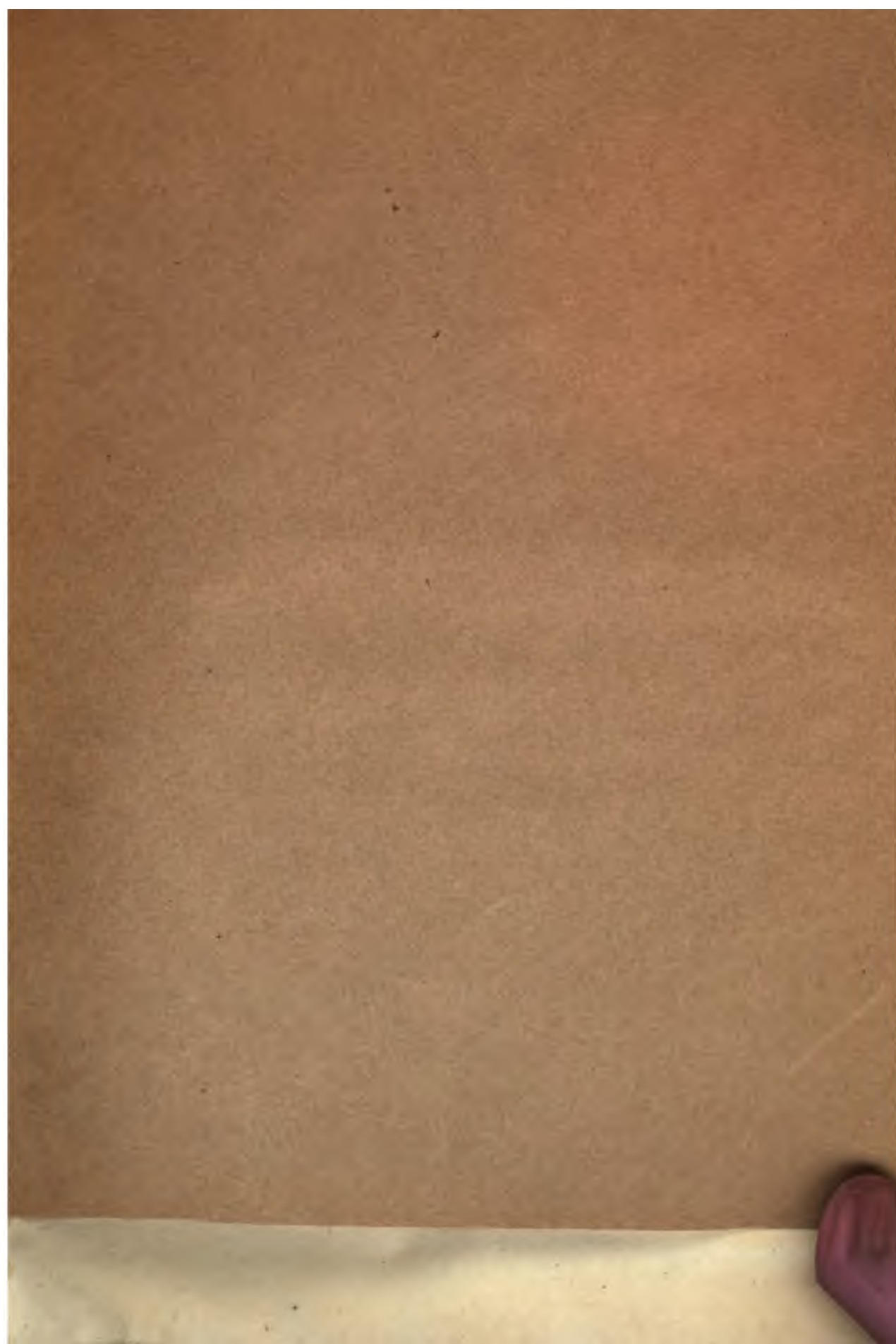
To this, that action, passion, reason, tend;  
VIRTUE the means, and HAPPINESS the  
end.

F I N I S.











P O E T I C A L   A D D R E S S

T O

H I S   M A J E S T Y :

O C C A S I O N E D   B Y   T H E

L A T E   R O Y A L   V I S I T

T O

W O R C E S T E R,

A T   T H E

M E E T I N G   o f   t h e   T H R E E   C H O I R S,

H e l d   A U G U S T   t h e   6 t h ,   1 7 8 8 .

*Dedicated, with Permission, to the KING.*

By T H E O P H I L U S   S W I F T ,   E s q .

---

---

*Præfens Divus habebitur  
Augustus.*

H O R .

---

---

WORCESTER, PRINTED: AND SOLD BY J. HOLL, HIGH-STREET ;  
J. BEW, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, J. STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY, LONDON ;  
M. SWINNEY, BIRMINGHAM ; AND S. HARWARD, CHELTENHAM.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

2799 d 171 (3)





# D E D I C A T I O N.

---

## To the King.

S I R,

**Y**OUR MAJESTY's gracious Permission, that I might dedicate the following Address to you, I consider as the highest honour that could be conferred on

Your Majesty's most dutiful,

Most loyal,

And most obedient subject,

WORCESTER,  
August 15, 1788.

THEOPHILUS SWIFT.







---

TO THE

K I N G.

---

**F**AME gave the word : — the Muse impassion'd springs,  
(A grateful odour dropping from her wings,)  
To greet the PRINCE, whose Virtues grace the lay,  
Whose Presence gives new lustre to the day.  
Oh ! let the meanest of the lyric throng  
Approach his Monarch with no flattering song,

B

Pour

Pour the warm tide of rapture, and impart  
The full effusion of the Loyal Heart.

See, round the Father of his people press  
The Young, the Old! — And all that Father bless!  
See, from their couch the Sick with vigour spring!  
The Lame shall leap, to meet and hail their King:  
Proud GRANDEUR bends, and willing DUTY pays  
The heart-felt homage of her zeal and praise.  
The solar King, whose glorious beams convey  
Light to the world, and warmth in every ray,  
On all benignant smiles, his fostering care  
To all extends, and all his radiance share.  
Thus You, great Sir, your various blessings deal,  
Cheer with your presence, with your bounty heal;

Lend

Lend ev'n to CHARITY a lovelier hue,  
 While grateful Thousands draw support from You.  
 Shall any joyless sound approach thine ear?  
 Shall SORROW sigh, or MIS'RY murmur here?  
 Thy Smiles new comfort to the Orphan bring;  
 Through Thee for joy the Widow's heart shall sing.  
 Blest Prince! uniting to thy people's love  
 GLORY's own Eagle with sweet PITY's Dove.

Nor shalt THOU, gracious Queen, be left unsung,  
 The Matron's pride, and theme of every tongue.  
 O blest with all that cheers or brightens life,  
 The careful Mother, and the tender Wife!

Born



Born to command, yet zealous to obey,  
 And ruling more by Kindness than by Sway.  
 Thy fair Example, as a Mirror bright,  
 Beams like the Star, that gilds the world with light.

But what new Glory breaks upon the day !  
 What Odours breathe ! What Sweets perfume the way !  
 Behold Three Graces of the Royal Line,  
 Three Sister Graces in the circle shine.  
 Bright as the Dew-drop, that impearls the thorn,  
 Fresh as the Rose-bud, opening to the morn,  
 Soft as the Zephyr, as the Summer fair,  
 The Boast of beauty, and the nation's care.

Welcome,

Welcome, blest Visitants, to these glad walls !  
 'Tis LOYALTY that speaks, and TRUTH that calls.

With Lips of rosy grace, and Wings of flame,  
 First from the spheres the Seraph, MUSIC, came.  
 The heaven-born Stranger, longing to impart  
 To wondering Man the lessons of her art,  
 Unlock'd the secret fources of the Soul,  
 And entering there, maintain'd her strong controul.  
 All as she sung, sweet CHARITY drew near,  
 DEVOTION mark'd, and lean'd from Heav'n to hear.  
 Wak'd into transport, Handel's muse of fire  
 Caught the blest Sounds, and struck th' immortal Lyre.

C

As

As o'er the chords his daring hand he flings,  
 The cherub PIETY, exulting, sings;  
 RELIGION lifts her voice; her soaring soul  
 New ardours kindle, as the raptures roll.  
 Towering she stands; and more than mortal, shrouds  
 Her awful head within her kindred clouds.

But not in vain the sacred notes ascend,  
 Pleas'd Heav'n admires, and Angels round attend;  
 PRAYER'S hallow'd Spirit to TH' ETERNAL bears  
 Th' accepted sounds, and wafts them to the spheres.  
 Thus Heav'n thy Church regards, that ne'er shall die,  
 Fix'd on that Rock whose summit tops the sky:

Distinguish'd



Distinguish'd thus, and favour'd high o'er all  
 The proud dominions of this earthly ball,  
 Secure in Piety, Thy Throne shall last,  
 When Kingdoms fail, and POWER itself is past.  
 See PEACE once more the smiling Olive brings !  
 Dove-like she comes, with healing on her wings.  
 In her fair train attendant PLENTY stands,  
 The pregnant Horn uplifted in her hands.  
 Free COMMERCE spreads her canvass to the gales,  
 Courts the kind breeze, and stretches all her sails.  
 For her the spices of Arabia blow,  
 For her the golden tides of Indus flow ;  
 She dares the mighty darkness of the Mine,  
 And braves the burning dangers of The Line.

These

These are thy noblest praise : and these shall long  
 Th' Historian's care engage, and charm the song  
 Of many a Bard, whose quick prophetic eyes,  
 As the fair Glories of Thy reign arise,  
 Shall view the Native of the Southern Clime,  
 Whose sun-scorch'd colour was his only crime,  
 Kifs the sweet healing hand, whose Grace extends  
 That Life, that Liberty, thy Mercy sends.  
 (MERCY ! immortal Rose ! — The fairest Flower  
 That blows in Heav'n, or decks the brow of Power :)  
 Safe in his native shades, and plantain groves,  
 He sings, he feasts, he woos his fable Loves.

His

( 13 )

His active spirit takes a bolder wing,  
And AFRIC's sons redeemed shall hail their King!





1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18









